

# Roy Rogers

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# ROY ROGERS

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

THE LURE OF NEW  
TRAILS TAKES ROY  
TO THE FOOTHILLS  
OF THE ROCKIES.

"FLUKE EMPTY!" THE HIGH  
AIR SURE MAKES A  
MAN CRAVE WATER.



THERE'S BOUND TO BE A  
SPRING FARTHER UP  
THE TRAIL.



AROUND THE BEND COMES  
A CLATTER OF HOOF.



"STEADY TRIGGER!" HUG THAT  
BALL, NO ONE'S BOUND TO CROWD  
US OFF THIS TRAIL.



WHEA-UP, BOY! WHERE'S  
YOUR RIDER?





MAYBE WE'LL FIND HIM



HERE'S THE GENT...  
LOOKS BADLY HURT!



DRY-BUSHER!  
YOU'VE FOUND ME!  
BUT IT'S YOUR  
LAST—



—YOUR LAST...  
AMMM...



BULLET BROKE HIS LEG A FEW  
MOVES AGO HE'S LOST A LOT  
OF BLOOD



WELL, HERE'S A NOTE! THIS  
HOMEBRE IS PACKING A  
REGULAR MEDICAL  
KIT.



BRING ALL YOU CAN NEIGHBOR  
WATER HELPS WHEN YOU'VE  
BLED A LOT



HERE'S YOUR GUN I RECKON YOU'RE  
AWAKE ENOUGH NOT  
TO SHOOT ME FOR  
A DRY-BUSHER  
MY NAME'S  
ROGERS

THANKS—I  
THOUGHT YOU'D  
COME TO  
FINISH ME

WHOEVER THEY WERE  
THAT ABUSED ME,  
YOU'RE NOT THEIR  
KIND I SEE THAT NOW  
MY NAME'S MORGAN  
BAMON FRANKISED  
MORGAN OF CORALON  
VALLEY



CORALON VALLEY—THAT'S NEAR  
NEED ID BE GLAD TO  
HELP YOU  
HOMER,  
MORGAN

NO  
GO  
ME A BIGGER KAY  
OR ROGERS, BY  
HELPING ME TO AN  
OLD WOLF'S  
CABIN A MILE  
FROM HERE



GOT ANY IDEA WHY THOSE HORNERS SHOT AT YOU?

NO



READ THIS TELEGRAM, HORNER, AND YOU'LL KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO. I'M TALKING YOU ALL THE WAY.

THE NOKK HARBORAN



YOU'RE A MEDIC!

AN INTERN. I HAVEN'T BEEN HOME FOR TEN YEARS. ANITA'S MY SISTER



DORADO RANCHO IS A SHEEP OUTFIT NOW. ALL THAT'S LEFT OF A BIG SPANISH GRANT TO MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, DON FRANCISCO LOPEZ, ANITA RUNS IT.



A SHEEP OUTFIT—AND THE REST OF THE COUNTRY IS CATTLE RANGE. THAT'S ENOUGH TO START A WAR.



WELL—HERE'S THE CABIN



PRETTY DUFFY—BUT TIGHT AND DRY



I'VE SHAKEN OUT THE BEDDING FOR YOU

SWEET! YOU'LL FIND A SPRING OF WATER ON THE NORTH SIDE



CANNED FOOD ON THE SHELF—PLENTY OF WOOD AND WATER—ENOUGH GRASS OUTSIDE FOR YOUR HORSE







TRIGGER REARS AT A  
MADON CLATTERING POST



SAY THAT GUY IS ANITA  
MORGAN OR I'M  
CLOCKED!



AS THE MADON STOPS  
SHORTY AND PERDIE  
RUN UP

GET DOWN YOU  
MURDERIN' DRILLER!  
WE'RE SETTLEING  
YOUR ACCOUNT  
RIGHT NOW!

BUT SENAPE!  
I'VE DONE  
NOTHING...

PUT UP THOSE  
GLIMS, YOU—



...FOOLS, OR  
FEL—



MAKE  
YOU!

YOW!



YOU SHE CATAMOUNT,  
FEL—



BULK!



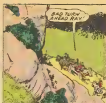
SET UP PERDIE, AND  
DON'T REACH FOR  
YOUR GIM.













MACHING HOLENTY  
THE HISSON STARTS  
OVER THE EDGE



POAH BOY'S READY  
LOOP FLICKS OUT



STRA...AND DROPPED  
THUNDER HALLS THE  
IN DON'S REAR END  
IN MIRTH



THUNDER! MORGAN  
SPOILED THAT PLAY.  
FEEL EM LEAD  
SHORTY

WE SHOULD'VE  
DOONE THAT  
FOOT-AND USED  
THE BLAST TO  
BURY EM



VEGEL HAVE TO OUR THROATLINE  
DAY HERE'S THE  
NEW THROVEL  
WE BOUGHT



KLANG!

OH-!



THAT'S A RIFLE!  
DUCK, ANITA!



THERE THEY  
ARE, TRIGGER!



DRY GUNNERS HAVE A  
TARGET THAT CHUCKS  
LEAD BACK  
AT EM!



GET  
INTO THESE  
BONES HA CAN'T  
FOLLOW

HAHA!  
I'M  
MIST!



BUT "J. P." HAPPENS TO  
BE SHORTY'S INITIALS. I  
SAW HIM ONCE, CASHING  
A CHECK AT THE BANK—  
JACK FINN!



BOYMAN DIDN'T STRIKE  
ME AS A MAN WHO'D  
HIRE THAT SORT  
OF KILLER.

I KNOW, BOY—  
IT DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE



WHO ELSE COULD  
HAVE FIRED  
THAT? WHO  
ELSE WANTS  
YOUR RANCH?

I DON'T  
KNOW



STUD RODE, OUR  
HORSE RANCHER  
NEIGHBOR, MADE  
ME AN OFFER FOR  
COWBOY ONCE—  
BUT I TOOK IT  
FOR A JOKE



I'LL HAVE TO TEACH  
YOU ABOUT PEOPLE  
YOU'LL BE EXPECTED  
TO REMEMBER, THERE'S  
SOMETHING OUR OLD  
COOK—OH!





WHATEVER IT IS TO BLAME, YOU TWO CAN'T WIN! EVERY RANCHER HEREABOUTS HATES SHEEP—YOU'D BE FIGHTING THEM ALL!



MY OFFER TO BUY CORAZON, SANTA—AND IT GIVES YOU AND RAMON AN EASY WAY OUT IF YOU'LL SELL IT TO ME...



NOT AT YOUR FINGER AND TOES!



YOU'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO WEIGH FACTS, MORGAN—A HERE'S ANOTHER! JAIL THE CROWFOOT OUTFIT PLANS TO HANG JOHN FULLARD TONIGHT!



DAY ROWMAN WON'T LET A FINGER TO STOP 'EM, BUT IF I CAN ASSURE HIM THAT THIS VALLEY WILL BE CLEARED OF SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS—



I'M A SHEPHERD! AND THAT'S MY ANSWER.



YOUR TALK SHELLS, ROCKE! I'M CLEANSING THE HOUSE OF YOU! YOU YOUNG FOOL! LET GO!



CRASH ON YOUR KNEES, SEÑOR CUCARACHA!



I'LL BE BACK! AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR KNEES, MORGAN! IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



WAGGON!

YOW!



SEÑOR CUCARACHA! YA, NA, NA, NA!





MIRA DON RAMON? SENOR  
CUCARACHA BROUGHT  
THAT BOOK AND... GIVE ME  
THESE PAPERS... MARRIED, I'LL  
LOVE THEM



IS THAT ROCK'S  
HANDWRITING  
SURE?



IT MUST BE  
ROY... IT'S  
HIS BALLY  
BOOK



HERE'S SOMETHING FINE  
HE WROTE THEM—  
READ IT!



ROY? WHAT  
DO YOU  
MAKE OF  
THAT?



WELL, IT FITS WITH THE  
CIGARETTE I PICKED UP  
WHERE WE WERE  
ARRIVED ON THE  
ROAD—LOOK HERE!



I FIGURE THERE'S A MEETING  
CALLED BY ROCKS—THIS  
NIGHT SINCE REBBIE  
HOPKINS WAS BEING SHOT  
UP BUT WHERE'S APACHE  
PASS?



COME TO THE DOOR—  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
IT'S 5 MILES  
WEST



GOOD! REBBIE I BETTER ATTEND  
THAT MEETING MYSELF



AN HOUR AFTER DARK ROY  
HEARS THE TRAIL TO THE  
PASS



STAY THERE TRIGGER... I'LL TRY  
TO REED YOU IN A HURRY





YOU'LL SHOOT THROUGH THE WINDOW--AND DROP THIS FOWEL WHERE IT'S SURE TO BE SEEN, SAVVY FERRING?

UH-HUH WHEN?

TONIGHT? BOWMAN'S OUT-  
FIT WILL GO ON THE PROG  
AND...

...AND WE'LL WIPE  
OUT THE SHEEP-  
HEADERS INCLUDING  
THE OLD HUNCHBACK  
IN THE JAIL! IT'S A  
CARN, STUB, BUT--







LOOK CAREFUL! GOT 'EM WHEN THEY COME UP!



THERE'S A HOSS—ON HIS OTHER HANK! STOOD!

HIS SADDLE'S EMPTY! YOU FOOL! WATCH THE WATER!



DOWN THERE—BOTH OF 'EM! BLAST 'EM TO THE BOTTOM!



A DOZEN SLIPS SCORE



THIS IS THE FIRST ONE I EVER WANTED TO GO TO A COUPLE OF SHOOTY HOTS!

THAT'S THE SORT OF THING RANDY WOULD SAY!



ALL RIGHT, PERKIN. NOBODY WILL SPOIL OUR PLANT NOW... ON YOUR MARK!

YOU AIN'T TOLD ME WHAT I GET FOR KILLING BOWMAN!



YOU AND I WILL HAVE ALL OF CORDON VALLEY AND HANDLE HORSES FROM THREE STATES DOES THAT SATISFY YOU? BOWMAN'S HEADS WILL SELL CHEAP!



I AND MY BOYS WILL BE IN "OLD" JAW TONIGHT. IF YOUR CROWNED RIDER'S NEED PRODDING TO AVENGE THEIR BOSS!



I'LL BRING THEM THERE, BRAD! WELL LUNCH OLD JUAN PUEBLO FOR A STARTER!



OH! THE DEVILS! NOW I HEARD THEM TALK IN THE CAVE.

WHY DID YOU TRAIL ME INTO?

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D GET CAUGHT BOY. I CAN SHOOT BETTER THAN MOST MEN SO I CAME



BUT BOY— WE'VE GOT TO HAVE WITH US OLD JOAN AND CLAY SOMEBODY SOMEBODY



AND FIRST LITTLE SISTER!

THEY'VE COME NOW— AND YOU'RE RIDING



UNTIL WE FIND YOUR HORSE ON THE OTHER SIDE



LOOK— BOY SAYS— ON THE SAND BAR JUST DOWN STREAM!



THEY'VE SOME BEEN VENTILATED



THEY'VE SOME BEEN VENTILATED



HIT THE TRAIL FOR HOME, LITTLE PARTNER, AND GET YOUR RANCH HANDS READY FOR A FIGHT



WHAT'S MY JOB IF I CAN' HEAR SOMEBODY OLD JOAN? I'LL BE SAFE



THERE'S THE CROWFOOT ALLS QUET



I GUESS I'M IN TIME



SUDDENLY BY THE WINDOW-A MALE  
SHADOW AND A SPIRT OF GOD-FARE!









JUST LEAVING THE TRAIL.  
TILL LINK PERRY AND YOUR  
OUTFIT GO BY. LINK WAS THE  
ONE WHO SHOT YOU DOWN.



LINK PERRY—  
SHOT—ME?

YES—AT  
YOUR FOE'S  
ORDER!



THE PAIR OF 'EM PLAN  
TO TAKE OVER ALL OF  
CORDON VALLEY—AFTER  
YOU AND THE MORRIS  
ARE WIPED OUT.



LINK! YOU BOKE  
HANDLES TOO MANY  
BRANDS FOR AN HONEST  
HOS RANCHER. HE  
COULD USE CORDON'S  
FINE MOUNTAIN  
PASTURE.



BUT WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU  
OF ALL THIS ROBERTS?

I LISTENED IN ON A  
MEETING OF BOKE AND  
HIS CHANGES THIS  
EVENING—WHERE  
THEY RIDE!



WELL, CIRCLE WOLF JUP—REACH  
A HOPKINS CLIMBING AN HOUR.

ALL RIGHT! THE  
BULLET WOULD HAVE  
KILLED ME BY NOW,  
IF IT WAS GOING  
TO.



HELLO,  
THE GAIN.



WHO'S  
THERE?

ROY ROBERTS—WITH A  
PATENT FOR YOU  
OR MORROW.



A PATENT? I'LL LAY HIM ON  
THE TABLE,  
DOCTOR.



CLAY BOWMAN  
NOW—WHO—?

PLUGGED BY THE SAME  
KILLER WHO SHOT YOU  
DOWN, MY FOREMAN,  
LINK PERRY.



ROGERS! HELP ME UP—SET ME AT THE TABLE—GET MY SURGICAL KIT—AND HOT WATER—

WON'T YOU ARE, DOCTOR?



BULLET IS LODGED BETWEEN TWO OF THE VERTEBRÆ DANGEROUS, BUT I THINK I CAN GET IT OUT

GO AHEAD, RAMON—I CAN STAND ANYTHING BUT THIS EVER-LASTING PAIN



ALL RIGHT—GOT THAT HOT WATER READY, ROGERS?

COMING, DOCTOR



JUST A LOCAL ANAESTHETIC CLAY—I DON'T WANT TO PUT YOUR SPINE TO SLEEP—WANT TO KNOW HOW BAD THE DAMN AGE IS



WITH A BORN SURGEON'S SKILL, MORGAN KNOWS FOR THE BULLET



MORGAN'S FRIGHTED, MORGAN?

BETTER FOR HIM HOLD THAT CHAIR—CLOSER ROGERS THIS IS LIFE—OR DEATH!



YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT TO DO IF THE HAZARD IS ATTACHED BULLET?

EL SENDORITA!

AT THE MORGAN RANCH INTO ENTRY AND DEFENSE



IF THE CROWD OF MEN COME, WE LET THEM REACH THE EMPTY HOUSE—THEN WE IN THE ARROYO COVER THEM



GOOD! DO NOT AIDE UNTIL THEY TRY TO ENTER THE HOUSE—OR BURN IT—I DO NOW TO JOIN MY BROTHER



IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE ROY LEFT TO WALSH, BOWMAN HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK—UNLESS—





THERE'S ONE HORSE LEFT  
IN THE CORRAL



I'LL KITCH HIM TO THE  
HAGON WITH MY SINGLED  
HORSE



YOU'LL KILL US!  
BOTH—THAT CAUSE  
AIN'T BROKE  
TO DRIVE!

GOODBY



EASY, BABIES!  
TAKE IT EASY

OH-ODD! CUT ME  
LOOSE! LEMME  
JUMP BEFORE—



SIT THERE,  
SHORTY FUNK!



I'LL GET YOU INTO WOLF JAW  
HEALTHY ENOUGH TO TURN  
STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST  
YOUR FELLOW MURDERERS



THE BULLET'S  
OUT! TAKE A  
LOOK AT IT,  
ROGERS!



HIMM! FLATTENED  
WHERE IT STRUCK  
THE BONES. HOW  
DO YOU FEEL,  
BOOMER?

THE PAIN THE PAIN'S  
STOPPED—MOST OF  
IT! I CAN MOVE  
MY LEGS



LIE DOWN! AND KEEP STILL  
MAN! I'VE STILL GOT TO  
SEW YOU UP! LIE DOWN!



THERE! THE JOB'S DONE. IN  
ABOUT TWO WEEKS  
YOU CAN  
SIT UP

TWO WEEKS  
YOUR GRANDFATHER  
HELP ME UP  
NOW, ROGERS



I SAT ON A HORSE ALL THE WAY WITH THAT BULLET IN ME—AND NOW WITH AN INNOCENT MAN'S JOE AT STAKE, I'M NOT HANDING AROUND HERE!



YOUR OWN LIFE'S AT STAKE, BOWMAN—WHOM ELSE ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



YOUR SISTER'S FOREMAN, OLD JUAN FULANO THINKS YOU SHOT AND MURDERED ME MY CONSCIENCE WOULD HANDSOME



THAT'S TRUE, BOWMAN STUP BONE WILL JOIN WITH PEPER TO STIF UP A LYING

AND BUT I'LL SPOT HIS FLAME



HERE'S AN OLD LETTER, I'LL WRITE MY WILL ON THE BACK STORING ROCKS MY NEAR STORING HOT LEAD



THERE, RAMON—YOU AND ROGERS SIGN IT AS WITNESSES



BUT MAN ALIVE! YOU—YOU'VE LEFT ALL YOUR POOP—GOT TO ME AND ANITA! YOU CAN'T—



WHY CAN'T IT MY WIFE AND KID DIED TWENTY YEARS AGO. NOW SIGN THAT WILL AND SHUT UP!



I'M READY, ROGERS! SADDLE MORGAN'S HORSE FOR ME, WILL YOU?



I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT BOWMAN! I'LL RIDE WITH YOU—BRIGHT THROUGH TO THE BOUNTY!



ADIOS, SON! IF I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, TELL ANITA—



NO, CLAY YOU'RE TOO TOUGH TO KILL! HASTA LUEBO, AMIGO AND

FIFTEEN MILES—ONE HOUR—TO NOW I AM CAN YOUR HORSE MAKE IT?



HE CAN—AND MORE! BUT DON'T HILL YOURSELF, BOWMAN



DEADPOINTED AND FISHING HAD  
THE CROWFOOT HANGS FELLOW  
LINE POKER INTO WOLF JAW

ATTEN YOUR  
HOSSES, BOYS - I'M  
GOING IN TO FIND  
STUD ARCADE

WE GOTTA  
FIND THAT BLAZED  
MORRIS!



STUD! I GOTTA  
HAVE A WORD  
WITH YOU!

OH MY  
LORD!



A SECOND AFTER FRODO  
BOWMAN, SHERIDAN CUT  
LOOKS AT ME, I DROPPED  
BACK INTO THE  
BURNHOUSE -

WOLF  
HAD'S IT?



YOUNG MORRIS I RECOGN  
AT THE TIME I GOT TO  
THE OFFICE WITH THE  
BOYS, HE'D GOT AWAY  
AND HADN'T PLAY  
WITH HIM!



YOU SOUNDED? NO! THAT  
LOOKS GOOD! I REMEMBER  
YOU CUTTER OF HIS DUTY  
BE CARPENTER  
DOUBT THEY  
WILL HELPED FOR  
WOLF JAW



GENTLEMEN, HEY!  
THE LIES OFF!



THE MORRIS OUTFIT HAS GONE  
HOD WILD, YOUNG MORRIS  
JUST MURDERED CLAY BOWMAN  
AND SHOT UP  
SHORTLY FINNY!



HE SHEEP-HERDING  
FORBANS IN JAIL  
FOR KILLING FRODO  
REMOND IF WE LET  
GO ON, NO MAN WILL  
BE SAFE



WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?  
COME ON TO THE JAIL!

WE'LL MAKE THE SHERIFF  
SEE MORRIS' BLASTED  
SHEEP-HERDERS!



THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
WHICH THE DAMN SHEEP-  
HERDER! STRONG HIM  
UP THIS!







I'M GOING TO LIVE OLD  
JOHN FULANO A LEAGUE  
TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE



TAKE THIS GUN, FULANO, WE  
AIN'T GOT MANY MINUTES TO  
LIVE, BUT WE'LL  
DO FULANO!



YOU UNDER  
NOT LEAVE YOUR  
LIFE FOR ME  
BROTHER

PLEASE, SENOR  
SHERIFF—LET  
ME GO OUT  
TO THEM!



TOD LATE NOW—  
THEY'RE BREAKIN'  
IN!



GUNFIRE AHEAD,  
BOWMAN.

ALMOST THERE—  
GOTTA HANG  
ON!



ROBERT! MY BACK!  
I CAN'T SEE TO—



I'VE GOT YOU,  
OLD TIMER!  
RELAX!

DON'T STOP—GOT  
TO SAVE OLD  
FULANO...



ONCE MORE WITH  
THAT L.D. BOYS! THE  
DOOR'S HALF DOWN!



YEDWI!  
LOOK OUT!



STOP! STOP!  
HE'S RIGHT!





# Roy Rogers

FINDS  
BLOOD IN THE BADLANDS





YOU KNOW WHY DANG YOU? IT WAS YOUR RIFLE KILLED MY DAD—AN' YOU'VE TEACHED HIM DOWN FOR THE MONEY HE GOT FROM THE BANK IN CLEAN FORMS THIS MORNIN'!



YOU CAN PROVE BY MY BACK-TRAIL THAT I CAME HERE AFTER YOU AND THE TWO RIDERS THAT FOLLOWED YOUR HOUNDED DAD.

YOU COULD BE LYIN'—AND YOU COULDN'T CATCH YOUR RIFLE...



THOSE BOOT TRACKS ARE TOO BIG TO FIT YOU OR ME, COWBOY, AND YOUR DAD DIDN'T MAKE 'EM, EITHER.

HUM? HOWD YOU KNOW HE DIDN'T?



THERE WERE TWO MEN WEARING BOOTS OF THE SAME SIZE AND MAKE...

TWO YOU SAY?



YOUR GODDAMN GODDAMN GODDAMN! I WAS NEVER IN CLEAR FORMS AND I HAVEN'T ANY RIFLE—AND BEST OF...



BUT DANG IT, IF YOU AIN'T THE MURDERER, HOW'LL I EVER—UH—HUFF—KNOW WHO KILLED HIM?



YOUR DAD IF HE'RD ME, SAY I THOUGHT I WAS A PRETTY GOOD SIGN-READER, BUT YOU TAKE THE GAME!



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

HOLD ON! WHERE ARE YOU HEADING?





"—BLURDIN' WHITE POLKATE!  
I'M GON' TO SHOOT IT OUT  
WITH 'EM! I KNOW WHERE  
THEY HANG OUT!"



"BACK UP, COWBOY!  
IF THERE'S ANY  
SHOOTING TO BE  
DONE, WE'RE  
TALKING IT  
OVER FIRST!"

"DANG YOU,  
STANLEY—  
I TOLD YOU  
I WOULD!"



"LISTEN, BLEDWIN! IF  
YOUR DAD COULD  
TALK RIGHT NOW,  
WHAT WOULD  
HE BE SAYING  
ABOUT THIS?"

"I-I BECKON  
HIS' SAY  
'PULL IN YOUR  
ROPE, BOB BEHANN!"



"GAW, LET'S MAKE THIS A  
COUNCIL OF WAR, BOB.  
FIRST WHO ARE THOSE  
THAT 'POLKATE' YOU  
MENTIONED?"

"THE BUNTERE THING!  
THEY'RE BOTH ALEMAN—  
WHITE HAIR AND  
DARK EYES!"

"THEY OWN THE FEYING & MOSE  
RANCH, BUT THEY SPEND MOST  
OF THEIR TIME IN THE BAR OF  
THE DEER FORK'S  
HOTEL, BARNUM."



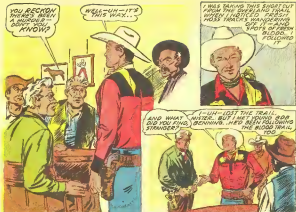
"THEY PROPER BEEN DAD BARN  
THAT \$1,500 OUTA THE BANK  
HE WAS GON' TO BUY SOME  
WINTERED BLEDWIN'  
STOCK."



"THEY DRA' QUARTER  
HORN, AND TRADED HIM  
HERE—BUT THEY DIDN'T  
GET THE HONEY! IT  
WAS IN HIS BOOTS!"

"KEEP THAT ROLL OUT OF  
YOUR EYE! EVEN THE  
ROCKS IN THE BAD-  
LANDS HAVE  
EYES."









UNBLINKLE YOUR GUN!  
BEST MOTHER AND  
HAND IT TO ME—  
AND ONE FUNNY  
MOVE WILL BE  
YOUR LAST!

ALL RIGHT—BUT  
YOU GUYS ARE  
MAKING A MISTAKE  
OF A MISTAKE.

THE BOYS ARE COMIN' WITH  
YOU SHERIFF—JEST IN CASE  
YOUR PRISONER MAKES  
A BREAK.

NO!



SHERIFF'S SHERIFF, THE  
BOYS BACK THERE WERE  
SURE AIMING TO  
STRETCH MY NECK.

THEY WERE! AND  
THEY THINGE CAN  
HAPPEN MIGHTY  
QUICK...









NO TRACKS THERE'S GOTTA BE - NO  
HOES COULD JUMP  
ACROSS, SAY, TWO  
OTHER HOES  
HABBE' THAT  
ONE DID, JED.

I'LL SEE WHERE HE  
LANDED AND PICK UP  
THE TRAIL THERE

FIND THE  
TRAIL'S  
CORBETT

MAH! SOMEONE  
HE TOOK OFF  
AN FLEW

WE'LL RIDE AROUND  
AN SEE FOR  
OURSELVES



HERE'S THE  
TRAIL - FRESH  
FOO!

YEH - BUT WE'VE WASTED  
AN HOUR FINDIN' IT

NOW! WHAT  
CORBETT?

HE'S FOKED  
US AGAIN!

















